
N^o XXX.—MONDAY, JUNE 4, 1798.

*Oh ! place me in some Heav'n-protected Isle,
Where Peace, and Equity, and Freedom smile ;
Where Power secures what Industry has won ;
Where to succeed is not to be undone ;
A Land that distant Tyrants hate in vain—
In Britain's Isle, beneath a GEORGE's Reign.*

COWPER.

IRELAND.

WHEN We stated in our Paper of last week, the breaking out of the Rebellion in *Ireland*, and ventured to anticipate, at the same time, the success which was reasonably to be expected from the prompt and vigorous exertions of the Irish Government; We were yet scarcely aware of the desperate extent to which the attempts of the Rebels would be carried; nor were We sanguine enough to hope, that We should, in the space of one week, have to announce that so great a progress had been made in the suppression of them.

Perplexed and astonished by the arrest of their Leaders, and by the knowledge which Government had obtained of their most secret plans and operations, the Rebels appear to have been pushed to extremities, before they were well prepared for action: and, in a fit of desperation, to have declared open War against their Country, before the

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time

time at which the *French* had engaged that their auxiliary troops should be sent to their assistance.

The communications made to the Public in the course of the last week, through the medium of the *Gazettes*, shew, as might be expected, the detached parties of the Insurgents every where defeated by the Troops and the Yeomanry. And the last signal advantage obtained by General Sir JAMES DUFF, whose alacrity and address cannot be sufficiently commended, has given a decisive blow to a party of the Rebels, the most formidable from their numbers and position: and may be expected to be followed by a more general submission.

These events have succeeded each other with so much rapidity, and the accounts hitherto received of them in this Country have necessarily been so little detailed, that We confine ourselves for the present to this general outline.

We cannot, however, forbear to notice with the severest reprehension (though a respect for the feelings of our Readers prevent us from transcribing, even for the purpose of refuting them) the gross and wicked calumnies which the Opposition Papers of this Country select this opportunity for heaping upon the conduct and character of the Irish Government, and their traitorous endeavours to uphold the cause, and to inspirit the resolution of the Rebels.

Whatever might be the divisions of Party Interest, or the opposition of Party Feeling, one should have imagined that an armed force of Insurgents, avowedly arrayed against the Laws and the Constitution of their Country, avowedly acting upon the views of an Enemy who has sworn the destruction of the British Empire, and avowedly expecting support from their arms, would have been sufficient

sufficient to calm for the moment the wildest enthusiasm for *Reform*, and to silence the loudest clamours for *Emancipation*, if by reform and emancipation, were not intended, by those who so lavishly abuse these words, an unqualified overthrow of the whole subsisting frame of the Government, and an immediate union with *France*.

Dreadful indeed is the necessity which has forcibly drawn the sword of Government against its subjects.—To the propagators of the doctrines of Liberty and Equality, be ascribed the shame, and the guilt, of the enormities which have created this necessity. The time, we trust, is not far off, when the deceived and injured multitude, who have been made the sport and the victims of a mad and desperate Faction, will fly for shelter to the pardon which awaits their repentance; and will pour their execrations on those traitorous demagogues, who, having first maddened them with the poison of French principles, would have sacrificed their happiness and their lives at the shrine of French ambition.

WEEKLY EXAMINER.

MORNING CHRONICLE.

WHEN we first sat down to the task of collecting and exposing in their true light, the Lies, Misrepresentations, &c. of the Jacobin Journals—a task, be it said, to which nothing but the sincerest regard for our Country could have inclined us—We did not do it from the vain hope of silencing or shaming them:—No. We were not so ill-read in the nature of Jacobinism;—but we did flatter ourselves (and let us honestly triumph in the fulfil-

ment of our expectations) that by a perseverance in exposing their designs, in detecting their falsehoods, correcting their perversions, &c. we should shake the faith which many well-meaning People had been accustomed to place in their arguments; and finally convince them, that the cause which was supported by such guilty means, must be radically bad; and, if eventually successful, must lead to Atheism, Anarchy, and Blood.

In this, we repeat, we have been successful beyond our most sanguine hopes; the sale of all the Jacobin Prints is sensibly diminished; and, as we have once before observed *, the dissemination of treason, immorality, and irreligion in the shape of Pamphlets, Reviews, Monthly Magazines, and New Annual Registers, is contracted to a degree hardly conceivable.

We have been led to these observations by a Paragraph, or rather Essay, which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of Thursday last, in consequence of an article under the head of SECRET EXPEDITION, in our Paper of the 28th ult.

It is matter of triumph to us, that though we have now brought against this Paper many hundred charges of Falsehood, Misrepresentation, &c. it has silently acquiesced in the justice of them ALL. In this we commend its prudence. At length, however, after a lapse of several months, it assumes courage from despair, loses sight of its salutary caution, and fiercely turns upon us, with a charge of injustice. This is gallant, no doubt: let us see if it be wise.

We beseech our Readers to turn to our last Number. They will there find, that we brought, and substantiated, many charges against the *Morning Chronicle*. These

* See Page 121, of this Volume.

were, *first*, a wilful misrepresentation of the Gazette;—*secondly*, a false and contemptuous account of the affair itself;—*thirdly*, an unfounded panegyric on the Enemy;—*fourthly*, a series of base and illiberal reflections on the energy and courage of our Countrymen;—*fifthly*, a miserable attempt to belie the manifest purpose of the Expedition;—*sixthly*, a community of language and sentiments with the *Courier*—(a Paper declared by the French Government, in the fullness of their heart, to be truly *Republican*);—*seventhly*, a hint calculated to induce the French to murder their Prisoners—a hint not lightly introduced, but pressed on their notice with the most diabolical perseverance.

These, among many others, were our accusations; and these, our Readers will allow, were important enough to deserve some sort of notice.—This, too, seems to have been the idea of the friends of the *Morning Chronicle* (the respectable dregs of the *Whig Club*, and the *Corresponding Society*); and their remonstrances have forced this unhappy Print upon an attempt at justification.

And such a justification! Good Heavens!—but let us examine it; premising only, that in *six* of the *seven* charges which we have specified, our indignant Opponent contentedly acquiesces, and only demands quarter for the last.

“The *Clubists*—(so we are facetiously denominated by this Paper; and, to say truth, it is a name we would as willingly take from it as any other)—“The *Clubists* were more than usually ingenious in their malignity in their last Number. *Some time* ago, a Paragraph of the most wicked tendency appeared in a *favourite* Print,” (does the *Morning Chronicle* mean by this, a favourite of the *Directory*?) “throwing out a hope, that if the French should dare to carry into effect their projected Invasion

of England, it would not be considered as a *legitimate* and civilized War, in which men were entitled to quarter. We thought the present—that is, the first moment in which our brave Troops were known to be in the Enemy's hands—"a proper season to curb the diabolical spirit, by pointing out to them" (the *Clubists*, who know nothing of the Paragraph, and who doubt the accuracy of the quotation) "the horrible quality of such a sentiment. What is their conduct upon this? Contrition"—Contrition, we need not tell this logical Print, must arise from consciousness, and we are altogether ignorant of the passage in question—"Shame? No, they turn upon us and SAY"—pray attend—"that the sentiment might be a GOOD, HARMLESS SENTIMENT in the Original"!!!

Do we say this? But we will quote our Paragraph—"We are loth to take the word of the *Morning Chronicle* for this Extract, of which we know nothing; but even supposing it ever appeared in the form in which it is here given, (which we do not believe) we might, had we room, point out several circumstances which make an attempt to lessen the means of invading us, without any views of conquest, plunder, &c. essentially different from the declared purpose of the Invasion of this Country by France; and therefore to be spoken of in a very different manner."

After this specimen of Jacobinical veracity, our Readers will probably be inclined with us, "to believe rather what they shall *prove*, than what they shall *say*," in future: nor will they, we presume, be very averse to allow of our distinction, when they know (and who can be ignorant of it?) that the "DECLARED purpose" of the French, in the invasion of this Country, is the overthrow

throw of the Government, the banishment or murder of every man connected with it, and the general destruction of all property!

Having thus convicted us of—we know not what—at the expence of a positive Falsehood, the *Morning Chronicle*, which omits no opportunity of sacrificing to the vigilance, and courage, and justice, and humanity, of the Enemy, continues “Those who have observed the
“conduct of the French in the field, could entertain no
“opinion so *libellous* to their nature, as that they would
“refuse quarter to an enemy disarmed: and we recalled
“the generosity with which they *disdained* to execute the
“sanguinary decree of the Tyrant ROBESPIERRE.”

To say nothing of the insidious trick of calling this decree of the French Government, the decree of the Tyrant ROBESPIERRE, which we are confident will not be overlooked by the Directory, we beg leave to ask the *Morning Chronicle*, who has doubtless observed the conduct of the French Troops to a “disarmed Enemy,” where it collected its *anti-libellous* opinion of their generosity? Was it in *Suabia*, or *Franconia*? Was it at *Rome*, or in *Switzerland*? or in the bloody route that marked their progress (even when commanded by PICHEGRU*) from the *Scheldt* to the *Rhine*?

* It is but justice to this General to allow that of all those, who have conducted the Armies of Republican France, he alone has shewn himself worthy of better masters, and a better cause. He *did* refuse to execute the bloody Decree above-mentioned, and we believe, did, as far as in himself lay, prevent or discountenance its execution: The cruelties committed by the Army under his command, are to be attributed to the influence of the sanguinary tools of the French Government who were put about him to watch his conduct, and who, in fact, had the General as well as the Army, under the most tyrannical controul.

Where

Where did it learn that these *generous* Troops *disdained* to execute the sanguinary decree of the *Tyrant* ROBESPIERRE, as it *now* unkindly calls that great man? Not, certainly, in the French Army; for there it would have found (and for this we refer it to Citizen DAVID's History of PICHEGRU's Campaigns) that the sanguinary decree was often acted on, and that hundreds of British and Hanoverian Prisoners *were* actually murdered, in spite of every effort of the French Commander, by these ferocious blood-hounds, whose "generous nature it would be *libellous*"—Gracious Heaven! *LIBELLOUS!*—"to call in question."

That our Countrymen were not always put to death in cold blood, we acknowledge, and we will tell this *fren-chified* Print why—It was from the *dread of Retaliation*—not indeed from our Officers, but from our justly exasperated Troops, who, in the heat of battle, could not always be restrained;—for, to the confusion of the *Morning Chronicle*, we must observe, that though it patriotically declares, that we are now "*without courage, and without energy,*"—(let it not forget, let not its Readers pretend to forget, that the *Morning Chronicle* has said this—*We will never, never, never* forget it, nor suffer it to be forgotten)—The French in more than one instance found we had both. We have now before us the account of the sortie from *Nimugen*.—Betrayed as we were by the Dutch, and unsupported by the Austrians, our gallant Troops, "*whose swords are at the command of every puny whipster,*"—(these too are the words of the *Morning Chronicle*, that Print full of indignant virtue, which never forgets what it owes to its Country)—drove more than double their numbers of the best Troops

France could then boast, from the walls, pursued them to the trenches, into which they leapt, and there put to death a whole Regiment of Grenadiers. It was *then* that the *generous* Troops of France took the alarm, and rightly concluding that the minds of our Soldiery were inflamed by the decree for granting them no quarter, permitted PICHÉGRU to dispatch a flag, with the assurance, that the decree of the Convention was not meant to be acted on. Has the *Morning Chronicle* the impudence to deny this? We know it has the *inclination*; but has it the *impudence*?

It goes on—"As to the personal insinuation of the Editors of the *Anti-Jacobin*, that our motive in exposing *their* detestable spirit" (Here this "soul of candour" asserts the Paragraph in question to be *ours*, in contradiction to its own knowledge) "was to *provoke* the Enemy to adopt it; we know that the Public, who read our Paper, will make it needless for us to disclaim."—Though this be not Grammar, nor any thing like Grammar, we think we understand it, and shall therefore proceed—"If in *any ONE instance* it can be *proved* that we have been the abettors of *Inhumanity*, we shall then think it necessary to meet the reproach."

What it may please the *Morning Chronicle* to term "Proof," we know not; but we will produce *TWO instances* of its "abetting inhumanity;"—when it has "met the reproach" of these, we will produce *FOUR* more; and so on.

We say then, *first*—That the *Morning Chronicle*, with a design of mitigating the horror conceived at the National Decree for granting no quarter to the British and Hanoverian Troops, and for another reason which we shall not mention, *falsely* and *wickedly* asserted that *IT*

WAS REPEALED, at the very moment our brave Countrymen were suffering under it :—which assertion remains in its Columns uncontradicted to this hour, a damning memorial of its humanity, its loyalty, and its truth !— And *secondly*, we say, that after insulting the Government for months, on account of its supposed wishes to retain some part of our Conquests ; after sneering at continuing the war for a *Spice* and a *Tea* Island (meaning thereby *Martinico* and *Ceylon*) and labouring to point out, in a thousand passages, the propriety and the necessity of their restitution ; the *Morning Chronicle*, we say, *on the very day in which it first heard* that the first of those Islands was to be given up, inserted a Paragraph of the most diabolical tendency,—insinuating, that after having *betrayed* the Natives into a surrender, we were now resigning them to be MURDERED ;—a measure which the *Morning Chronicle* naturally expected, from the *generous* policy of FRANCE ; or which, if it did not expect, it kindly *suggested* to the Directory.

So much then for its “ Humanity ”—But the *Morning Chronicle* grows wanton in its own praise, and again pronounces, “ that *if in any one instance* it can be proved “ that it has not to the *utmost* of its power, made itself “ the *advocate* of *virtue*, and the *friend* of *morals*.”— This is really too much—the friend of morals ! The *Morning Chronicle* the FRIEND of MORALS !! The *Morning Chronicle*, we presume, judges of the understandings of mankind by a standard taken from the Politicians of *Craven-House* ;—We, however, who read, and judge for ourselves, beg leave to ask this “ Advocate of Virtue,” whether it really thinks that “ Morals are befriended ” by an attempt to burlesque the LIFE and ACTIONS of our BLESSED SAVIOUR in a most blasphemous

mous narrative, or by asserting, "that a man was fitted for an usurper and a murderer, by "reverently looking unto JESUS," or by constantly ridiculing every public act of Religion? Are morals befriended by insulting HIS MAJESTY, in a most impudent Lie fabricated for the Managers of Drury-Lane *; or by a determined and inveterate hostility to every measure of the Government of their Country, *without distinction*, and a warm and cordial patronage of all that opposes its stability, its honour, and its success?

Having thus completely established its claims to the praise of "being the Friend of Morality," and "the advocate of Virtue," the *Morning Chronicle* pursues its triumph, and boldly challenges us to PROVE, that it is the "*hireling* of any man, or set of men, in the kingdom, or out of it."

When we read these and similar Paragraphs, we sometimes imagine we are perusing the lucubrations of the drivelling maniacs of the *Courier*. Why does the *Morning Chronicle* call upon us to *prove* it guilty of Treason? We merely asserted, and we quoted our authority—no mean one, let us say—that "*one of our Jacobin Journals was in the pay of the Directory.*" If the *Morning Chronicle* felt itself implicated in this charge, the readiest way, in our poor opinions, to establish its innocence, was to *prove* CAMILLE JORDAN in the wrong, and to assert boldly and unequivocally, that it neither *is*, nor *was* in THE PAY OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

Here the way seems plain before it: Calling on us, alas! though it may serve to throw dust in the eyes of such as are willing to be deceived, cannot blind for a mo-

* *Morning Chronicle*, Feb. 20.

ment any impartial person who will determine for himself, and who knows that our charge was general, and that it was brought forward on the authority of a competent witness whom we named, and who is therefore to be disproved or believed.

If, however, of which we are somewhat apprehensive, this indignant burst of integrity, should, after all, be only levelled at an expression in our last Number—"this *hireling* traducer of English valour, and English virtue"—We can then only say, that we inserted the obnoxious word, first, in humble imitation of the *Morning Chronicle* itself; secondly, *honoris causâ*—We meant to say with a very wise man—

Consilium laudo artificis, si munere—

"if for *hire* it traduced its Country, there is some sense in its conduct;"—if it did it *gratuitously*, it has added folly to knavery; and there we leave it.

We are glad however that the *Morning Chronicle* feels a little nettled at the term "*hireling*."—It allows, what indeed every man who has taken up his pen in defence of the Religion, the Constitution, and the Laws of his Ancestors, knows from experience to be true, that it has itself "*bandied about no epithet so constantly as this*;" and since it is now smarting under its application for the simple offence of traducing its Country, and its King, we hope it will be more sparing of it in future, towards those who have no other claim to the epithet, than loving the one and honouring the other.

We have yet one remark to make, before we take leave of this grand effort of Jacobin eloquence and integrity. The *Morning Chronicle* complains of the *scurrility* of the ANTI-JACOBIN. It insinuates also a charge of *falsehood*

hood against us.—Would it be believed by any body who had not had experience of the extent to which Jacobinical malice, goaded to desperation by detection, can go, that this discussion, at the close of which it accuses us of falsehood, had arisen from the *Morning Chronicle's* attributing to the ANTI-JACOBIN a Paragraph which *never appeared* in it? and that this very Essay in which it brings forward against us the accusation of scurrility, begins with accusing *us* of “pointing out every person who refuses “to pay homage to Mr. PITT, as a fit object for ASSASSINATION?”

POETRY.

OUR ingenious Correspondent Mr. HIGGINS, has not been idle. The deserved popularity of the Extracts, which We have been enabled to give from his two DIDACTIC POEMS, the PROGRESS of MAN, and the LOVES of the TRIANGLES, has obtained for Us the communication of several other Works, which he has in hand, all framed upon the same principle, and directed to the same end. The propagation of the NEW SYSTEM of PHILOSOPHY forms, as he has himself candidly avowed to Us, the main object of all his writings. A SYSTEM comprehending not Politics only, and Religion, but Morals and Manners, and generally whatever goes to the composition or holding together of Human Society; in all of which a total change and revolution is absolutely necessary (as he contends) for the advancement of our common nature to its true dignity, and to the summit of that perfection which the combination of matter, called MAN, is by its innate energies capable of attaining.

Of

Of this SYSTEM, while the sublimer and more scientific branches are to be taught by the splendid and striking medium of Didactic Poetry, or *ratiocination in rhyme*, illustrated with such paintings and portraitures of Essences and their Attributes, as may lay hold of the Imagination while they perplex the Judgment ;—the more ordinary parts, such as relate to the conduct of common life, and the regulation of social feelings, are naturally the subject of a less elevated style of writing ;—of a style which speaks to the Eye as well as to the Ear,—in short, of Dramatic Poetry and Scenic Representation.

“ With this view,” says Mr. HIGGINS (for We love to quote the very words of this extraordinary and indefatigable Writer), in a Letter dated from his Study in *St. Mary Axe*, the window of which looks upon the parish-pump—“ with this view I have turned my thoughts “ more particularly to the GERMAN STAGE ; and have “ composed, in imitation of the most popular pieces of “ that Country, which have already met with so general “ reception and admiration in this,—a PLAY : which, if “ it has a proper run, will, I think, do much to unhinge “ the present notions of men with regard to the obligations of Civil Society ; and to substitute in lieu of a “ sober contentment, and regular discharge of the duties “ incident to each man’s particular situation, a wild desire of undefinable latitude and extravagance,—an aspiration after shapeless somethings, that can neither be “ described nor understood,—a contemptuous disgust at “ all that *is*, and a persuasion that nothing is as it ought “ to be ;—to operate, in short, a general discharge of “ every man (in his own estimation) from every thing “ that laws divine or human ; that local customs, immemorial habits, and multiplied examples impose upon “ him ;

“ him; and to set them about doing what they like,
 “ where they like, when they like, and how they like,
 “ —without reference to any Law but their own Will,
 “ or to any consideration of how others may be affected
 “ by their conduct.

“ When this is done, my dear Sir,” continues Mr.
 H. (for he writes very confidentially)—“ You see that a
 “ great step is gained towards the dissolution of the
 “ frame of every existing community. I say nothing of
 “ Governments, as *their* fall is of course implicated in that
 “ of the Social System:—And you have long known,
 “ that I hold every Government (that acts by coercion
 “ and restriction—by Laws made by the few to bind the
 “ many), as a *malum in se*,—an evil to be eradicated,—
 “ a nuisance to be abated,—by force, if force be practica-
 “ ble, if not,—by the artillery of Reason—by Pamphlets,
 “ Speeches, Toasts at Club-dinners, and though last, not
 “ least, by DIDACTIC POEMS.

“ But where would be the advantage of the destruc-
 “ tion of this or that Government, if the form of So-
 “ ciety itself were to be suffered to continue such, as
 “ that another must necessarily arise out of it, and over
 “ it?—Society, my dear Sir, in its present state, is a
 “ *hydra*. Cut off one head,—another presently sprouts
 “ out, and your labour is to begin again. At best, you
 “ can only hope to find it a *polypus*;—where, by cutting
 “ off the *head*, you are sometimes fortunate enough to
 “ find a *tail* (which answers all the same purposes) spring
 “ up in its place. This, we know, has been the case in
 “ France;—the only Country in which the great experi-
 “ ment of regeneration has been tried with any thing like
 “ a fair chance of success.

“ Destroy the frame of Society,—decompose its parts,
“ —and set the elements fighting one against another,
“ insulated and individual, every man for himself (strip-
“ ped of prejudice, of bigotry, and of feeling for others)
“ against the remainder of his species;—and there is
“ then some hope of a totally new *order of things*,—of a
“ *Radical Reform* in the present corrupt System of the
“ World.

“ The GERMAN THEATRE appears to proceed on
“ this judicious plan. And I have endeavoured to con-
“ tribute my mite towards extending its effect and its
“ popularity. There is one obvious advantage attending
“ this mode of teaching;—that it can proportion the in-
“ fractions of Law, Religion, or Morality, which it re-
“ commends, to the capacity of a Reader or Spectator.
“ If you tell a Student, or an Apprentice, or a Mer-
“ chant’s Clerk, of the virtue of a BRUTUS, or of the
“ splendour of a LA FAYETTE, you may excite his *desire*
“ to be equally conspicuous; but how is he to set about
“ it? Where is he to find the Tyrant to murder? How is
“ he to provide the Monarch to be imprisoned, and the
“ National Guards to be reviewed on a White Horse?
“ —But paint the beauties of *Forgery* to him in glow-
“ ing colours;—shew him that the presumption of virtue
“ is in favour of rapine, and occasional murder on the
“ highway;—and he presently understands you. The
“ highway is at hand—the till or the counter is within
“ reach. These *Haberdashers’ heroics* come home to
“ the business and the bosoms of men. And you may
“ readily make ten *Footpads*, where you would not
“ have materials nor opportunity for a single *tyranni-*
“ *cide*.

“ The

“ The subject of the Piece which I herewith transmit to you, is taken from common or middling life; and its merit, is that of teaching the most lofty truths in the most humble style, and deducing them from the most ordinary occurrences. Its moral is obvious and easy; and is one frequently inculcated by the German Dramas which I have had the good fortune to see; being no other than “ *the reciprocal duties of one or more Husbands to one or more Wives, and to the Children who may happen to arise out of this complicated and endearing connection.*” The Plot, indeed, is formed by the combination of the Plots of *two* of the most popular of these Plays (in the same way as *TERENCE* was wont to combine two stories of *MENANDER’S*). The characters are such as the admirers of these Plays will recognize for their familiar acquaintances. There are the usual ingredients of imprisonments, post-houses and horns, and appeals to Angels and Devils. I have omitted only the *Swearing*, to which English ears are not yet sufficiently accustomed.

“ I transmit at the same time a *Prologue*, which in some degree breaks the matter to the audience. About the Song of *ROGERO*, at the end of the first Act, I am less anxious than about any other part of the performance, as it is, in fact, literally translated from the composition of a young German friend of mine, an *Illuminé*, of whom I bought the original for three and sixpence. It will be a satisfaction to those of your Readers, who may not at first sight hit upon the tune, to learn, that it is setting by a hand of the first eminence.—I send also a rough sketch of the Plot, and a few occasional Notes.—The *Geography* is by the young Gentleman of the *Morning Chronicle*.”

THE ROVERS;

OR,

THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIOR of the ABBEY of QUEDLINBURGH—very corpulent and cruel.

ROGERO—a Prisoner in the Abbey, in love with MATILDA POTTINGEN.

CASIMERE—a Polish Emigrant, in Dembrowsky's Legion—married to CECILIA, but having several Children by MATILDA.

PEDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON—English Noblemen exiled by the Tyranny of KING JOHN, previous to the signature of Magna Charta.

RODERIC, Count of SAXE WEIMAR—a bloody Tyrant, with red hair, and amorous complexion.

GASPAR—the Minister of the Count; Author of ROGERO's Confinement.

YOUNG POTTINGEN—Brother to MATILDA.

MATILDA POTTINGEN—in love with ROGERO, and Mother to CASIMERE's Children.

CECILIA MÜCKINFELDT—Wife to CASIMERE.

LANDLADY, WAITER, GRENADIERS, TROUBADOURS, &c. &c.

PANTALOWSKY and BRITCHINDA—Children of MATILDA, by CASIMERE.

JOACHIM, JABEL, and AMARANTHA—Children of MATILDA, by ROGERO.

Children of CASIMERE and CECILIA, with their respective Nurses.

Several Children; Fathers and Mothers unknown.

The Scene lies in the Town of WEIMAR, and the Neighbourhood of the Abbey of QUEDLINBURGH.

Time, from the 12th to the present Century.

PROLOGUE—in Character.

Too long the triumphs of our early times,
With Civil Discord and with Regal crime;
Have stain'd these boards; while SHAKESPEARE'S Pen has
shewn

Thoughts, manners, men, to modern days unknown.
Too long have ROME and ATHENS been the rage; (*Applause.*)
And classic Buskins soil'd a BRITISH Stage.

To-night

To-night our Bard, who scorns pedantic rules,
 His Plot has borrow'd from the GERMAN Schools;
 —The GERMAN Schools—where no dull maxims bind
 The bold expansion of th' electric mind.
 Fix'd to no period, circled by no space,
 He leaps the flaming bounds of time and place:
 Round the dark confines of the Forest raves,
 With *gentle* ROBBERS (1) stocks his gloomy caves;
 Tells how prime MINISTERS (2) are shocking things,
 And *reigning Dukes* as bad as tyrant KINGS;
 How to *two* Swains (3) *one* Nymph her vows may give,
 And how *two* Damsels (4) with *one* Lover live!
 Delicious Scenes!—Such Scenes *our* BARD displays,
 Which, crown'd with *German*, sue for *British*, praise.

Slow are the Steeds, that thro' GERMANIA's roads
 With hempen rein the slumbering post-boy goads;
 Slow is the slumbering post-boy, who proceeds
 Thro' deep sands floundering, on those tardy steeds;

(1) See the "ROBBERS," a German Tragedy, in which ROBBERY is put in so fascinating a light, that the whole of a German University went upon the highway in consequence of it.

(2) See "CABAL and LOVE," a German Tragedy—very severe against Prime Ministers, and reigning Dukes of Brunswick.—This admirable Performance very judiciously reprobates the hire of German Troops for the *American* War in the Reign of QUEEN ELIZABETH—a practice which would undoubtedly have been highly discreditable to that wise and patriotic Princess, not to say wholly unnecessary, there being no *American* War at that particular time.

(3 and 4) See the "STRANGER; OR, REFORM'D HOUSEKEEPER," in which the former of these morals is beautifully illustrated;—and "STELLA," a genteel German Comedy, which ends with placing a man *lodkin* between *two* wives, like *Thames* between his *two* Banks, in the CRITIC. Nothing can be more edifying than these two Dramas. I am shocked to hear that there are some People who think them ridiculous.

More slow, more tedious, from his husky throat
Twangs through the twisted horn the struggling note.

These truths confess'd—Oh ! yet, ye TRAVELL'D FEW,
GERMANIA's *Plays* with eyes unjaundiced view !
View and approve !—though in each passage fine
The faint Translation (5) mock the genuine line,
Tho' the nice ear the erring sight belie,
For *U* twice dotted is pronounced like *I* (6); (*Applause.*)
Yet oft the scene shall Nature's fire impart,
Warm from the breast, and glowing to the heart !

Ye TRAVELL'D FEW, attend !—On you our BARD
Builds his fond hope ! Do you his genius guard ! (*Applause.*)
Nor let succeeding Generations say
—A BRITISH AUDIENCE damn'd a GERMAN PLAY !

(*Loud and continued Applauses.*)

Flash of Lightning.—The Ghost of PROLOGUE's GRAND-
MOTHER, by the FATHER's side, appears to soft music, in a
white tiffany riding-hood. PROLOGUE kneels to receive her
blessing, which she gives in a solemn and affecting manner,
the Audience clapping and crying all the while.—PROLOGUE
and his GRANDMOTHER sink through the trap door.

THE ROVERS ;

OR,
THE DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE represents a Room at an Inn, at WEIMAR—On one side
of the Stage the Bar-room, with Jellies, Lemons in Nets,
Syllabubs, and part of a cold roast Fowl, &c.—On the
opposite

(5 and 6)—These are the warnings very properly given to Readers,
to beware how they judge of what they cannot understand. Thus, if
the Translation runs "*lightning of my soul, fulguration of angels, sulphur of
bell*;" We should recollect that this is not coarse or strange in the
German

opposite side, a Window looking into the Street, through which Persons (Inhabitants of WEIMAR) are seen passing to and fro in apparent agitation—MATILDA appears in a Great Coat and Riding Habit, seated at the corner of the Dinner Table, which is covered with a clean Huckaback Cloth—Plates and Napkins, with Buck's-Horn-handled Knives and Forks, are laid as if for four Persons.

MATILDA.—Is it impossible that I can have dinner sooner?

LANDLADY.—Madam, the Brunswick Post-waggon is not yet come in, and the Ordinary is never before two o'clock.

MATILDA—(With a look expressive of disappointment, but immediately recomposing herself). Well, then, I must have patience—(Exit LANDLADY.) Oh CASIMERE!—How often have the thoughts of thee served to amuse these moments of expectation!—What a difference, alas!—Dinner—it is taken away as soon as over, and we regret it not!—It returns again with the return of appetite.—The Beef of to-morrow will succeed to the Mutton of to-day, as the Mutton of to-day succeeded to the Veal of yesterday.—But when once the heart has been occupied by a beloved object, in vain would we attempt to supply the chasm by another. How easily are our desires transferred from Dish to Dish!—Love only, dear, delusive, delightful Love, restrains our wandering appetites, and confines them to a particular gratification!

Post-born blows, Re-enter LANDLADY.

LANDLADY.—Madam, the Post-waggon is just come in with only a single Gentlewoman.

German language, when applied by a Lover to his Mistress; but the English has nothing precisely parallel to the original MUYLYCHAUSE ARCHANGELICHEN, which means rather *emanation of the archangelic nature*—OF to SMELLMYNKERN VANKELFER, which, if literally rendered, would signify *made of stuff of the same odour whereof the Devil makes flambeaus*. See *Schützenbrück* on the GERMAN IDIOM.

MATILDA.—Then shew her up—and let us have Dinner instantly (*LANDLADY going*); and remember—(*after a moment's recollection, and with great earnestness*)—remember the Toasted Cheese. (*Exit LAND.*)

CECILIA enters, in a brown cloth riding-dress, as if just alighted from the Post-waggon.

MATILDA.—Madam, you seem to have had an unpleasant journey, if I may judge from the dust on your riding-habit.

CECILIA.—The way was dusty, Madam, but the weather was delightful. It recalled to me those blissful moments when the rays of desire first vibrated thro' my Soul.

MATILDA.—(*Aside*)—Thank Heaven! I have at last found a heart which is in unison with my own—(to CECILIA)—Yes, I understand you—the first pulsation of sentiment—the silver tones upon the yet unsounded Harp.

CECILIA.—The dawn of life—when this blossom—(*putting her hand upon her heart*), first expanded its petals to the penetrating dart of Love!

MATILDA.—Yes—the time—the golden time, when the first beams of the morning meet and embrace one another!—The blooming blue upon the yet unplucked plum!—

CECILIA.—Your countenance grows animated, my dear Madam.

MATILDA.—And your's too is glowing with illumination.

CECILIA.—I had long been looking out for a congenial Spirit!—my heart was withered—but the beams of your's have re-kindled it.

MATILDA.—A sudden thought strikes me—Let us swear an eternal friendship.

CECILIA.—Let us agree to live together!

MATILDA.—Willingly.—(*With rapidity and earnestness.*)

CECILIA.—Let us embrace,—(*They embrace.*)

MATILDA.—Yes; I too have lov'd!—You, too, like me, have been forsaken!—(*Doubtfully, and as if with a desire to be informed.*)

CECILIA.—Too true!

BOTH.—Ah these Men! These Men!

LANDLADY *enters, and places a Leg of Mutton on the Table, with sour Krout and Pruin Sauce—then a small Dish of Black Puddings.*—CECILIA and MATILDA *appear to take no notice of her.*

MATILDA.—Oh CASIMERE!

CECILIA.—(*aside*)—CASIMERE! That name!—Oh my heart, how is it distracted with anxiety!

MATILDA.—Heavens! Madam, you turn pale.

CECILIA.—Nothing—a slight megrim—with your leave, I will retire—

MATILDA.—I will attend you.—(*Exit MATILDA and*

CECILIA. *Manent LANDLADY and WAITER, with the Dinner on the Table.*)

LANDLADY.—Have you carried the Dinner to the Prisoner in the Vaults of the Abbey?

WAITER.—Yes.—Pease Soup, as usual—with the scrag end of a Neck of Mutton—The Emissary of the Count was here again this morning, and offered me a large sum of money if I would consent to poison him.

LANDLADY.—Which you refused?

(*with hesitation and anxiety.*)

WAITER.—Can you doubt it? (*with indignation.*)

LANDLADY—(*recovering herself, and drawing up with an expression of dignity*)—The conscience of a poor man is as valuable to him as that of a Prince . . .

WAITER.—It ought to be still more so, in proportion as it is generally more pure.

LANDLADY.—Thou says't truly, Job.

WAITER—(*with enthusiasm*)—He who can spurn at wealth when proffered as the price of crime, is greater than a Prince.

Post.

Post horn blows.—Enter CASIMERE (in a travelling dress—a light blue great coat with large metal buttons—his hair in a long queue, but twisted at the end; a large KEVENHULLER bat; a cane in his hand.)

CASIMERE.—Here, WAITER, pull off my boots, and bring me a pair of slippers. (*Exit WAITER*). And heark'ye, my Lad, a bason of water (*rubbing his hands*) and a bit of soap—I have not washed since I began my journey.

WAITER—(*answering from behind the door*)—Yes, Sir.

CASIMERE.—Well, Landlady, what company are we to have?

LANDLADY.—Only two Gentlewomen, Sir.—They are just stept into the next room—they will be back again in a minute.

CASIMERE.—Where do they come from?

(*All this while the Waiter re-enters with the bason and water.*

CASIMERE *pulls off his boots, takes a napkin from the table, and washes his face and hands.*)

LANDLADY.—There is one of them I think comes from Nuremburgh.

CASIMERE—(*aside*).—From Nuremburgh—(*with eagerness*)—Her name?

LANDLADY.—MATILDA.

CASIMERE.—(*aside*).—How does this ideot woman torment me!—What else?

LANDLADY.—I can't recollect.

CASIMERE.—Oh agony! (*In a paroxysm of agitation.*)

WAITER.—See here, her name upon the travelling trunk—MATILDA POTTINGEN.

CASIMERE.—Ecstasy! Ecstasy! (*Embracing the WAITER.*)

LANDLADY.—You seem to be acquainted with the Lady—Shall I call her?

CASIMERE.—Instantly—Instantly—Tell her—her lov'd, her long lost—Tell her—

LANDLADY.

LANDLADY.—Shall I tell her Dinner is ready?

CASIMERE.—Do so—and in the mean while I will look after my portmanteau. *(Exeunt severally.)*

SCENE changes to a Subterraneous Vault in the Abbey of QUEDLINBURGH; with Coffins, 'Scutbeons, Death's Heads and Cross-bones.—Toads, and other loathsome Reptiles are seen traversing the obscurer parts of the Stage.—ROGERO appears, in chains, in a Suit of rusty Armour, with his beard grown, and a Cap of a grotesque form upon his head.—Beside him a Crock, or Pitcher, supposed to contain his daily allowance of sustenance.—A long silence, during which the wind is heard to whistle through the Caverns.—ROGERO rises, and comes slowly forward, with his arms folded.

Eleven years! It is now eleven years since I was first immured in this living Sepulchre—The cruelty of a Minister—The perfidy of a Monk—Yes, MATILDA! for thy sake—alive amidst the dead—chained—coffined—confined—cut off from the converse of my fellow-men.—Soft!—what have we here? *(stumbles over a bundle of sticks.)* This Cavern is so dark, that I can scarcely distinguish the objects under my feet. Oh!—the register of my Captivity—Let me see, how stands the account? *(Takes up the sticks, and turns them over with a melancholy air; then stands silent for a few moments, as if absorbed in calculation)*—Eleven years and fifteen days!—Hah! the twenty-eighth of August! How does the recollection of it vibrate on my heart! It was on this day that I took my last leave of my MATILDA.—It was a summer evening—her melting hand seemed to dissolve in mine, as I prest it to my bosom—Some Demon whispered me that I should never see her more.—I stood gazing on the hated vehicle which was conveying her away for ever.—The tears were petrified under my eye-lids.—My heart was crystallized with agony,—Anon—I looked along

along the road.—The Diligence seemed to diminish every instant.—I felt my heart beat against its prison, as if anxious to leap out and overtake it.—My soul whirled round as I watched the rotation of the hinder wheels.—A long trail of glory followed after her, and mingled with the dust—it was the Emanation of Divinity, luminous with Love and Beauty—like the splendor of the setting Sun—but it told me that the sun of my joys was sunk for ever—Yes, here in the depths of an eternal Dungeon—In the Nursing Cradle of Hell—The Suburbs of Perdition—In a nest of Demons, where Despair in vain sits brooding over the putrid eggs of Hope; where Agony woos the embrace of Death; where Patience, beside the bottomless pool of Despondency, sits angling for Impossibilities—Yet even *here*, to behold her, to embrace her—Yes, MATILDA, whether in this dark abode, amidst toads and spiders, or in a Royal Palace, amidst the more loathsome Reptiles of a Court, would be indifferent to me—Angels would shower down their hymns of gratulation upon our heads—while Fiends would envy the eternity of suffering Love. . . — . . . Soft, what air was that? it seemed a sound of more than human warblings—Again—(*listens attentively for some minutes*)—Only the wind—It is well, however—it reminds me of that melancholy Air, which has so often solaced the hours of my Captivity—Let me see whether the damps of this dungeon have not yet injured my Guitar—(*Takes his Guitar, tunes it, and begins the following Air with a full accompaniment of Violins from the Orchestra.*)

(Air—*Lanterna Magica.*)

SONG

SONG BY ROGERO.

I.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This Dungeon, that I'm rotting in,
I think of those Companions true
Who studied with me at the U—
—NIVERSITY of Gottingen,—
—NIVERSITY of Gottingen.

*(Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he
wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—*

II.

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heav'nly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in!—
Alas! MATILDA then was true!—
At least I thought so at the U—
—NIVERSITY of Gottingen—
—NIVERSITY of Gottingen. *(At the repetition of this Line ROGERO
clanks his Chains in cadence.)*

III.

Barbs! Barbs! alas! how swift you flew
Her neat Post-Waggon trotting in!
Ye bore MATILDA from my view;
Forlorn I languish'd at the U—
—NIVERSITY of Gottingen—
—NIVERSITY of Gottingen.

IV.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—They were few
When first I enter'd at the U—
—NIVERSITY of Gottingen—
—NIVERSITY of Gottingen.

V. There

V.

There first for thee my passion grew,
 Sweet! sweet MATILDA POTTINGEN!
 Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
 —TOR, *Law Professor* at the U—
 —NIVERSITY of *Gottingen*—
 —NIVERSITY of *Gottingen*.

VI.

Sun, Moon, and thou vain World adieu,
 That Kings and Priests are plotting in:
 Here doom'd to starve on water-gru—
 —el * never shall I see the U—
 —NIVERSITY of *Gottingen*!—
 —NIVERSITY of *Gottingen*!—

(During the last Stanza ROGERO dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his Prison; and, finally, so bard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The Curtain drops—the Music still continuing to play, till it is wholly fallen.)

END OF ACT I.

 FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

HAMBURG, MAY 22.—It is calculated here, that France has drawn from Foreign Countries since the year

* A manifest error—since it appears from the *Waiter's* conversation (P. 425), that Rogero was not doomed to starve on water-gruel, but on pease-soup; which is a much better thing. Possibly the length of Rogero's imprisonment had impaired his memory; or he might wish to make things appear worse than they really were; which is very natural, I think, in such a case as this poor unfortunate Gentleman's.

1794, Seven Hundred and Fifty Millions of Livres, about Thirty Millions Sterling, in money or plate, besides the various and innumerable requisitions. Notwithstanding this, however, the penury of the Republic is so great, that the French Consul at Amsterdam could not raise a sum of about Eight Hundred Pounds Sterling, which were wanted for the repairs of a vessel. Not being able to get it from the Minister of Marine at Paris, to whom he applied on the occasion, he was obliged to ask the assistance of the Directory of the Batavian Republic, who advanced it to him.

VIENNA, MAY 9.—Count COBENZEL set out yesterday morning for *Rastadt*, and carries with him for General BUONAPARTE, as a present from His IMPERIAL MAJESTY, in consequence of the signing of the Treaty of *Campo Formio*, a magnificent Sabre enriched with diamonds, of about 4500*l.* value.

Baron DEGELMAN will immediately follow Count COBENZEL to *Rastadt*, to be ready to proceed from thence to *Paris*.

Baron THUGUT has resumed the direction of the Foreign-Department during the absence of Count COBENZEL.

RASTADT, MAY 9.—It is believed that the French Courier will most probably pass through this place to-day on his way to *Paris*; but we are yet ignorant of the satisfaction demanded by the French Government, and which will certainly be granted, since Count COBENZEL is about to renew his negotiations with BUONAPARTE.

We are assured here, that the French Government has still to struggle against many difficulties. Its credit

is diminishing daily ; there is a total want of money ; the disposition of the Troops is no longer the same ; the Members of Government are divided among themselves ; and that hopes might be entertained of the preservation of the Independence of Europe, if the great Continental Powers would unite cordially ; of which they are more afraid at *Paris*, than of any other thing, and which they hope to avert, by employing ably the maxim of *divide et impera*.

ZURICH, MAY 8.—It is impossible to form an idea of our present position here. The miseries of *Holland* fall far short of those of this Country, which never possessed half the resources which *Holland* did—in short, it is ruined for more than a century.

Since the 1st, this Town has been full of French Soldiers, destined to conquer the Cantons of *Glaris*, *Schweitz*, *Underwald*, and *Ury*.—They indeed marched against these Cantons, but met with such a vigorous resistance, that after having been repulsed in three consecutive attacks, they were obliged to grant them an honourable and advantageous Capitulation. About 1200 French fell in these three battles, and the number wounded is much more considerable. The news of these actions has excited here (where the discontent is very great) such a fermentation, that the French, to prevent any bad effects, have judged it expedient to disarm the Town, and all the Low Country. Colonel PARAVICINI, of the Dutch Guards, is the person who commanded at *Glaris*, and who distinguished himself so much. Although he had his hand shot off by a cannon-ball, yet he could neither be induced to quit his command nor his post. At *Schweitz*,

weitz, where the French were not able to penetrate farther than *Eysiedeln*, the Swiss had for Chiefs, an old Swiss Colonel, formerly in the French Service, who also distinguished himself very much. The Swiss fought like Lions; and the French are so enraged at their defeat, that they omit no opportunity of oppressing them. This Canton is entirely ruined: General SCHAUENBOURG is severe, insolent, and rapacious beyond example.

The little Cantons have obtained, in consequence of their brave defence, the following terms—That no French Troops shall be allowed to remain in their Territory; that no Contributions shall be levied upon them; that they shall accept the New Constitution, reserving to themselves, nevertheless, the arrangement of their Interior Administration.

They were too weak to be able to defend themselves any longer; and if a fourth attack had been made, they would certainly have fallen victims to the rapacity of France.

PARIS.

WE have received *Paris Papers* up to the 29th of May; and their contents confirm, as fully as we could expect, the intelligence we have received from other quarters, with respect to the affairs of *Italy, Switzerland, &c.*—We say, *as fully as we could expect*, because, no Papers being now permitted to circulate at Paris, excepting such as are content to speak the language of the Directory, the several Journals, though they may differ with respect to

phraseology, must necessarily be composed of the same materials, and tell the same story.

With respect to *Switzerland*, for instance, we are told in general terms, that every thing is settled; that the smaller Cantons have terminated their desperate and ineffectual resistance; and that Deputations have been sent from various quarters to General SCHAUENBOURG, requesting only a little time for the formal acceptance of the Constitution: but the difficulties which the French have encountered, and the losses they have suffered, are barely hinted at in a few solitary articles, in which the Defenders of Swiss Independence are qualified as a *Mob of Fanatic Peasants*, barely able to excite a momentary alarm among such of the *Patriots* as are at a distance from the intrepid and invincible cohorts of France. Such an *assembly of Fanatics*, we are told, surprized and took the Town of *Sion*, in the Upper *Valais*; another successfully attacked the Commune of *St. Maurice*, dispersed the Republican Authorities, ill-treated the *Patriots*, and even exposed to imminent danger Citizen MANGOURIT, the French Envoy.

From *Rome*, the most important intelligence communicated through the French Papers is, that General D'ALLEMAGNE has permitted the departure of the Envoys from the Army to the Directory; and that the Council of War of the first Division have condemned to death Citizen CARLIER, Commandant of a Battalion, convicted of pillage and robbery. The Army, therefore, have already secured two of their principal objects. In the mean time, General ST. CYR is very properly desirous

rous of bringing them back, by his eloquence, to the habits of military subordination.

The rest of the news from *Rome* relates principally to the different Political Circles, or Clubs, which are enlivened by the eloquence of the Consul ANGELLUCCI, and of several Ladies, and sometimes attended by Monks and Jews.

For the rest, it is observed with some surprize, that 30,000 Neapolitans are assembled on the Frontiers, and that the King is advanced to *Civitella di Trento*, as if he was apprehensive of an Invasion from the French or Roman Republics.

There are many and very different accounts of the Expedition against the Islands of *St. Marcou*. In a Letter from *Cherbourg*, of the 7th of May, it was stated that the attack had succeeded; that the Republicans had taken, after an obstinate battle of seven hours, *One Hundred and Forty Pieces of Cannon*, and had made *Nine Hundred Prisoners*; that General ROULLON was the first who landed; that the second Redoubt was carried by the *Bayonet*, &c. A subsequent letter, however, of the 17th of May, admits that this success was only *prophetic*; that the expedition has in truth failed; and that the French lost in the attack *six Soldiers and one Sailor killed!!!* and had *fifteen* wounded.

We regret that want of room will not allow us to insert at length the Official Report of the Directory to the two Councils, of the spirited and successful operations of our gallant Troops in destroying the Gates and Sluices of the *Bruges Canal*. The English force disembarked, is stated to have been *Four Thousand Men*—*The French Army to which they surrendered Three Hundred!!!*—They

took *One Thousand Eight Hundred Prisoners*; the remainder of our force was either killed, or driven into the sea, and drowned. This story was too ridiculous and incredible to be received without observation even by the Council of Five Hundred, where a Member observed, that although the Directory had fully stated that 300 men had conquered the English Army, yet a much greater number had come to their assistance—He therefore thought it might be prudent to include these last also in the Vote of Thanks, which, as originally proposed, was exclusively confined to the 300. This Amendment was adopted.

It must be observed, that while the French deny the importance as well as the success of our Expedition against *Ostend*, their Papers unfortunately state, that the People of *Dunkirk* expect immediately in that Port about 300 *Armed Boats*, coming from *Holland*. The destruction of the *Bruges Canal* cannot, we believe, be quite indifferent to the successful navigation of this Armament.

Abbé SIEYES has accepted the place of Envoy at the Court of *Berlin*, in the room of CAILLARD, and has consequently resigned his Seat in the Council of Five Hundred.

TOULON, MAY 19.—It is certain that General BUONAPARTE embarked this morning at ten o'clock, on board Admiral BRUEYS' Ship, *l'Orient*, (*ci-devant Sans-Culottes*), a three-decker. The Fleet set sail with a favourable wind. The Transports, with the Infantry and Cavalry, got under weigh at day-break with eight Frigates. The Fleet consists of 15 Ships of the Line, and 18 Frigates. The Transports, to the number of Four Hundred, are off *Hieres*. Four Spanish Frigates are just arrived

arrived—they have not seen any Enemy in the Mediterranean.—The Female Citizen BUONAPARTE remains on shore. An immense number of Infantry, with Artillery, vast quantities of Mortars, Howitzers, Furnaces, Bombs, Grape and Canister Shot, with Ammunition and Men of Letters, have been put on board: Astronomers, Geometricians, and Artists of every sort. The Convoy from Genoa consisted of Thirty-eight Sail, with 10,000 Men on board. BUONAPARTE has made a present of a pair of Pistols to Admiral BRUEYS, and has given a Port-Folio to the Commissary NAJAC, with an Inscription upon it. He assured Madame BUONAPARTE that he should see her again very soon. KLEBER, BERTHIER, and other Generals, are embarked,

The following is the List of the Squadron:

BRUEYS, Vice-Admiral, Commander; VILLENEUVE, Rear-Admiral; DUCHEILA, Rear-Admiral; DECREST, Rear-Admiral; DUMANOIR, Chief of Division, Commanding the Convoy.

SHIPS OF THE LINE.—L'Orient, 120 guns, Capt. Cassa Bianca—The William Tell, 80, Capt. Saunier—Le Tonnant, 80, Capt. Du Petit Thonars—Le Franklin, 80, Capt. Gillet—L'Aquilon, 74, Capt. Thevenard, sen.—Le Genereux, 74, Capt. Lejoille—Le Mercure, 74, Capt. Lalonde—L'Heureux, 74, Capt. Etienne, jun.—Le Guerier, 74, Capt. Trulet, sen.—Le Timoleon, 74, Capt. Trulet, jun.—Le Peuple Souverain, 74, Capt. Racors—Le Conquerant, 74, Capt. Dalbarade—Le Spartiate, 74, Capt. Emerillau.

FRIGATES.—La Diane, 40 guns, Capt. Peyret—La Justice, 40, Capt. Villeneuve—La Junon, 40, Capt. Pourquier—L'Arthemise, 40, Capt. Standelet—L'Alceste,

ceste, 40, Capt. Barrey—La Fortune, 36, Capt. Marchand.

BRIGS.—Le Corcire, 14 guns, Capt. Reynaud—Le Lody, 12, Capt. Sennequier.

FLUTES.—Le Dubois, — ; Le Causse, Capt. L'Allemand—La Sensible, Capt. Bourdet—Le Meuiron, Capt. Maillet—La Carrère, Capt. Frichet—Le Léoben, Capt. Colette—La Mantoue, Capt. Guiens—Le Montenot, Capt. Tempier.

AMERICA.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 27, 1798.—THE House of Representatives resolved, on the 20th of this month, after a Debate of unusual length, that the PRESIDENT should be authorized to employ the Naval Force of the United States as Convoys for the protection of the American Trade, without waiting until there shall exist an actual state of War between this Country and the French Republic.